

Roquentin

Saetia

"we've fallen on days," leigh said. all hands, blurred
Motion. those praying hands. the tragic famine of
Words unsaid, hours misspent. it's all flash, after
All. the photographic momentary work of our senses
Viewing, tasting, living to deny the bittersweet
Desire of whispers written across days of days' lament
... the silence we offer, never to recompense the
Experiences we've borrowed.